The Evening World.

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SEND ROOSEVELT TO RUSSIA.

THE soundness of The Evening World's suggestion that Theodore Roosevelt be sent with the American mission to Russia is made still plainer by the points of view from which that mission is now publicly discussed.

It is no disparagement of the eminent attainments and diplomatic qualifications of Elihu Root, who heads the mission, to urge that they be reinforced for the special purposes in view.

Instant protest from Socialist and labor groups in the United States and Europe following the announcement of Mr. Root's appointment and acceptance are sufficient indication that his power for good in Petrograd could be greatly strengthened by the presence of a man who appeals more directly to popular instinct and sympathy.

Socialist and labor groups are all-important elements in that surging, seething mass of revolutionized Russia, dazed by the sudden light of democracy, with dozens of would-be leaders urging it this way and that.

To help co-ordinate and concentrate such forces calls for something besides statesmanship. It needs wide personal appeal, inspiration, rallying power.

As The Evening World has pointed out, the United States has no man better fitted to take part in a job of this sort than Theodore Roosevelt.

He is a born rallier. No American has made himself more widely known or more popular in Europe. His magnetism breaks through barriers of language. His energy compels attention. And he has contrived throughout his career to remain, in the eyes of the average man in most countries of the world, the friend of humanity, the representative and defender of democracy and the tireless supporter of popular causes.

In all these directions Mr. Roosevelt would supply in Russia a natural, invaluable complement to the intellectual power of Mr. Root. At the same time he would make a more dignified and a more efficient member of the Russian mission than any American Socialist or labor leader selected as such.

We do not suppose, of course, that Col. Roosevelt would be eager to go to Russia. On the contrary, we know he still conceives it his pressing duty to raise a division and fight in France.

But if it were proved to Mr. Roosevelt that the first and most far-reaching service he could render his country lies in Russia, would he refuse to join Mr. Root?

Could any thinking man read even the meagre reports that come from Russia without realizing that there is a situation which calls for instant, energetic action?

Russia in political chaos, Russia nearing collapse, Russia likely to make a separate peace, Russia setting free millions of German and Austrian troops for the Imperial German Government to rush to the western war front, Russia turning a reviving current of food and supplies into Germany, Russia indefinitely prolonging the war—it is not a prospect to contemplate long without making every effort that may be humanly possible to avert it.

Not alone for its own sake—and it is upon the United States that burdens and responsibilities which Russia drops are bound to fall—but for the sake of its allies, this nation cannot afford not to do its utmost to inspire and encourage democratic Russia to hold firm.

No American whose qualities specially marked him for a part in such a task could turn his back upon it.

Theodore Roosevelt would be no less valuable to the United States as a fighter and leader in the field after he had done his best toward showing new Russia the only way it can deserve the enduring friendship and respect of democracy henceforth.

Nor could Mr. Roosevelt's own patriotism begin by undertaking a more substantial and glorious service—self-denying as it might be.

The time is short. Col. Roosevelt's efforts to secure command of an early expedition to France may prove successful.

Nevertheless The Evening World again insists: The Administration could take no sounder, more far-seeing action at this moment than to send Mr. Roosevelt with Mr. Root to Petrograd.

Beginning to-night New York enters upon its strictly-dry-after-1 A. M. regime. There may be some wailing and gnashing of teeth at first, but we wager in a month's time the city will have adjusted itself to the change and be admiring the new bloom on its cheek and lustre in its eye.

The French Department of Agriculture reports that crops in France this year will fall far below the average.

News to send fresh energy down the handle of every hoe in America.

May Day to-morrow, "the happiest time of all the glad New Year"—dreaded in Europe as a day of misery, muttering and menace.

Letters From the People

Grain Editorial Upheld.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have just read the "Grain and Liquor" editorial in The Evening World.

It is refreshing to find that some editors are still doing their own thinking and that these editors cannot be stampeded by the propaganda of the Anti-Saloon League.

A very palpable attempt is now being made by the Anti-Saloon League to stampede the President into asking Congress to enact legislation which will make the country dry for the period of the war. Accepting at their face value "facts" and figures furnished by the Anti-Saloon League, churches, social organizations, women's clubs, and individuals are pouring letters, petitions and telegrams into the White House urging the President to take such action. The similarity in the wording of these petitions shows conclusively their origin.

Very little thought seems to be given to the serious nature of all that is involved in the proposed action. Little attention has been paid to the methods used by Great Britain, France and Germany in handling the liquor problem during the war; and few seem to realize that while, for one reason or another, certain restrictions have been placed upon the business in these countries which are bearing the real war burdens, prohibition has not been applied. Furthermore for every restriction which involved a loss of property, full compensation has been given—a thing undreamed of in the philosophy of the American prohibitionist.

Please let me thank you for the fairness of your editorial. J. L. G.

Cartoons for Women

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By J. H. Cassel

Why Not a Commission of Women From the Allies?

The Stingy Spinster

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A FEW days ago there came a wrangle before the courts over the will of a millionaire spinster of sixty-five. There were many litigants, including charity societies, relatives and various other would-be or want-to-be beneficiaries.

The significant situation was developed in the evidence that the spinster was remarkably stingy during her lifetime. Her own physician testified that she would even go so far as to protest against the use of clean bandages for her wounds on account of wasting the materials.

The woman lived alone and died alone. And now they are all fighting over her fortune.

When, oh when, will people realize that when they are as penurious as this person that they are usually hoarding up money for legal battles?

When, oh when, will they understand that when they spend some of a million dollars they are in reality spending their heirs' money and not their own?

Just reflect, gentle reader, on the wasted and unhappy life of this lonely old lady who isolated herself, who did not know the love of little children and who did nothing with her wealth during her lifetime.

The everlasting truth remains. She had to leave it. She couldn't take it with her; and after all she has caused dissatisfaction in the way she left it. She lived alone and she died alone. Oh, the tragedy of it.

As against this what a wonderful life this woman might have lived—an example for her sister women of money.

What a picture I can see of this same woman. I can see her drawing young people about her, helping them with their work, laughing with their joys and sympathizing with their sorrows, and I can see her remaining young with them.

I can see this woman going to a young nephew and saying, "John, I know you have a hard problem. You want to go to a higher school, but you can't afford it. I'll see you through."

I can see a young girl coming to her in great glee with a beautiful love story, but who can't leave a helpless mother. I can see this millionaire woman say, "Never mind, dearie, we will manage it somehow."

I can see an old grandmother about to become a charitable charge in an institution and the millionaire lady sees that she is kept in the home of some loved ones.

I can see mothers in congested districts struggling with little babies and the gentle hand of the spinster lady reaching out and saying, "I have no little ones of my own; may I not help you with yours?" And who knows, as she gave out love perhaps a one great love would have come her way.

And at the end I can see loving hands close the eyelids and tearful voices whisper, "'Tis well, she has done her duty. She played her part, and left a great example for us to follow."

Oh, so many beautiful pictures can I see of this woman in her life, as "it might have been."

Instead of this we have the sorry spectacle of "her lords and her cousins, and her sisters and her aunts" who had little or no opportunity to care for her, contesting her millions.

How many people there are who think they have fulfilled their work when they have left money for charity? And how much of it really goes to charity? How much of it truly benefits?

And how much better it would have been to be her own giver while she lived—while she could have seen the seed she sowed for success grow and bear fruit?

How much better to have so lived as to be able to feel that you have not only left money but something of yourself—the personal touch, the personal interest, in the charity job that you want to have done with what belongs to you.

The story of this stingy spinster is surely food for reflection.

How One Japanese Saw the Main Chance

THE Japanese are admittedly among the cleverest people on this old earth. Here is an illustration:

The Governor in the Chinese city of Foochow had a new road built from the old native city to the foreign settlement on the Min River, 3 or 4 miles distant, to relieve the congestion on the narrow, crowded single street, practically impassable for wheeled vehicles, which had up to that time supplied the only means of communication.

Before 1916 bicycles were unknown in Foochow. With the completion of the new roadway a Japanese opened a shop for their sale, and at the same time hired a small piece of land and began to teach Chinese to ride at $0.30 Chinese currency per hour. As a result a bicycle is now a common object in the city and the Japanese is waxing rich.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"COME on in the back room and look it over. It's a regular United States place now," said Gus, the proprietor of the cafe on the corner.

Mr. Jarr walked back in. "You see, I've taken down the picture of the Kaiser and put up George Washington." And Gus indicated the portrait of the father of this country if not of his.

"That's the picture you should have had there in the first place," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"I guess so," confessed Gus. "But you know if you had gone to my country as a young feller, you would have hung up George Washington's picture, and John L. Sullivan's, and all them heroes. But I hope you'd never have to take 'em down." And Gus sighed.

"Cheer up, Gus," said Mr. Jarr. "Maybe everything is for the best."

"I took down Bismarck's picture too," said Gus. "And brought down Lena, my wife's, favorite picture there in the gold and plush frame. See it? Ain't that a nice picture 'Learning [illegible] to Dance?'"

Mr. Jarr might have said he would have preferred Bismarck's [illegible] to the work of art in question, but he did not want to hurt Gus's feelings.

"Well," he said, "let us hope we have peace soon and forever, all over the world!"

But Gus's emotions were stirred. A big, [illegible] on his cheek. "In springtime I can't stand it," he said hussily.

"Can't stand what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"That there should be war and fighting and not enough to eat and hating everybody in the old country," said Gus. "And everybody in mourning and all them things. You was in the old country and you saw how here it was."

"Yes, but you speak of spring. I was there in autumn. It was fine then and everybody seemed happy. I remember the Octoberfest in Munich"—

"But in the springtime in Berlin, when I was a young feller," interrupted Gus, "then everybody was happy. Comes a fine, warm Sunday and then everybody goes to church in the morning dressed in their good clothes and mit the church bells ringing, and then in the afternoon your wife or your mother packs a basket, and 'Mit Kind und Kegel'—that means with the children and everything—they go to the beer garden. And they sit at the tables under the trees and the kids play around and the men read the papers and talk Socialism and the women drink coffee and knit and talk about things women talk about, and then everybody sings together later when it's near time to go home. They sing the old songs to show they are happy.

"Everything may come out all right, cheer up," said Mr. Jarr.

"You never heard the Lorelei sung, did you?" asked Gus, not heeding Mr. Jarr's outburst of optimistic encouragement. "That is a song everybody used to sing before going home, in the old country, to show it was a happy day. It goes like this:

"'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Das ich so traurig bin!'

"Which means 'I don't know why it is I am so unhappy!'"

"And I don't know why it is you are so unhappy, either!" cried Mr. Jarr, "Doggone it! You've given me the blues too. Why are you so unhappy?"

"Ask me!" replied Gus. "Mit the war, mit bad business, mit trouble with the old country, and mit what my wife Lena will say when she comes home and finds I've taken the picture of 'Learning Baby to Dance' out of her parlor, do you think I should be laughing?"

To-Day's Anniversary

IT was on April 30, 1524, that the Chevalier Bayard was killed in battle. His end was characteristic. Engaged in a campaign in northern Italy where the imperial army under the traitor De Bourbon was pressing hard upon the retreating French troops, Bayard was asked to take the command and save the army. "It is too late," he said, "but my soul is God's and my life is my country's." Then putting himself at the head of a body of men at arms, he held the enemy at bay until struck by a ball. He was thrown from his horse but refused to retire, saying that he had never shown his back to the enemy.

He was placed against a tree, facing the advancing host. In the want of a cross he kissed his sword and because of the absence of a priest he confessed to his maitre d'hotel. When De Bourbon came up and expressed regret at seeing him in such condition, he said: "Weep for yourself, sir. For me, I have nothing to complain of; I die in the course of my duty to my country. You triumph in betraying yours; but your successes are horrible and the end will be sad." Having uttered these words the gallant knight died and was buried by his enemy on the field with military honors.

What Every Woman Comes To

By Helen Rowland

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ONCE upon a time
I yearned to be "different!"
I wanted to be "a woman with a soul," "individual," "unique"—and all that! I thought seriously of cutting off my hair and wearing a sea-green smock!

And taking up classic dancing and cigarettes and psycho-analysis.

I burbled incessantly of "having a career" and a "mission."

And always spoke of the Future of WOMAN in full caps!

I read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and Henry James.

And looked down upon marriage as "an institution for the incurably stupid" and a "last refuge" for the Dull.

And considered it as bad form to be seen dining with your last year's husband

As to be seen wearing your last year's hat!

BUT——

That was before I left the little Home Town and went out into the "wide, wide World."

And discovered that almost EVERYBODY was doing that sort of thing!

Now I AM going to be "different!" I WON'T be a Bromide!

Nothing can stop me!

I am going to cease living in hotels and studios.

And I am going to buy a little house in the suburbs,

And hang family portraits on the walls instead of Vorticist nightmares.

And have bacon and eggs for breakfast and tea at 5 o'clock,

And dinner at 6, and new-art rugs on the floor and a canary in the window!

I am going to lead the prayer meetings and be President of the Ladies' Aid Society, and join the Browning Club and learn how to knit socks for the soldiers.

I am going to put up jelly and speak of Greenwich Village as "the slums!"

I am going to raise sweet peas and nasturtiums, and learn how to COOK,

And embroider guest-towels, and wear black silk on Sunday.

I am going to sew for the heathen,

And try to love my neighbors as they love themselves!

I am going to keep a phonograph and a cat and some chickens.

And go to bed at half-past nine.

And, if I marry,

I am going to wear a big conspicuous wedding ring, and take my husband's full name, and darn his socks and say "Yes, dear!"

And laugh at his jokes and agree with his politics and entertain his mother and speak of him to other women as "MR. Smith," and clean his safety razor and pick up things after him.

And, above all——

I am going to LOVE him, no matter what people say!

And to be perfectly HAPPY, no matter how odd it may seem.

Because the fashions in women, like the fashions in morals and manners and clothes, have completely changed!

One must keep ahead of the styles to be "individual!"

And I am going to be "different"——

Oh, so, SO DIFFERENT!

Why, I haven't met a woman like that since I was a little girl!

Successful Salesmanship

By H. J. Barrett

Sales Manuals.

"LANGUAGE, spoken or written, is the only means we have of conveying thought," remarked a sales manager, "but it is a far from perfect medium. The reason for this is that the same words convey different meanings to different people. This is because of the personal associations of words. Certain prejudices exist in the minds of all of us. They are connected with certain words. Utter words which awaken these prejudices; instantly the mind begins to reject, a hostile attitude develops, and, as a consequence, progress is prevented.

"At one of our fortnightly sales conferences I brought up the question of our compiling a sales manual. A sales manual is, of course, merely a condensed compendium of information regarding selling a product, gathered chiefly from the combined experience of your salesmen.

"Some of our older salesmen opposed the suggestion. They were prejudiced against the idea. To them it meant learning salesmanship out of a book.' And, analogous reasoning, that terrible foe to clear thinking betrayed itself. Because they had known mediocre salesmen connected with firms which issued manuals they concluded that the manuals were responsible for poor salesmanship.

"I saw that the situation demanded tactful handling. I dropped the subject, but for the next few meetings had stenographic reports made of the proceedings. As each man narrated some instance in which he successfully met a noval objection it was set down in black and white, later to be typed. The men began to come to my desk to consult these records.

"Finally I selected the most valuable data, added to them certain fundamental principles of sales psychology, had this material printed in a little pamphlet entitled 'Sales Conference Proceedings,' and gave each man a copy.

"They perused them interestedly, partly because each man found some contribution of his own included. Now they wouldn't be without a copy. And I verily believe that it never occurred to some of the original objectors that they are using a sales manual."

The Evolution of Old Glory

By James C. Young

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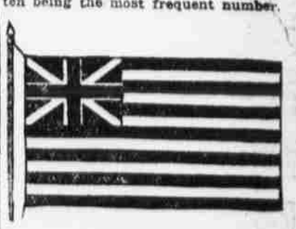
Thirteen Stripes and Union Jack Joined.

ON Jan. 2, 1776, a flag having the thirteen historic white and crimson stripes was raised for the first time as a symbol of Americanism. It fluttered above the headquarters of Washington in Cambridge, Mass., where the growing colonial army was mobilizing. But King George's subjects had not agreed on secession. It was something that men talked of much, shook their heads about and wondered what the end would be. In this divided state of mind, and as an indication of loyalty to the crown, the British Union Jack appeared in the upper left-hand corner of the flag, where the field of stars was to be placed at a later time.

The Union Jack in that day consisted of the red vertical cross of St. George, edged with white, and the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew, combined on a blue ground. The St. George cross was the national flag of England until 1606, when it was combined with the St. Andrew cross to mark the union of the two countries.

So the Union Jack had a place of honor in the new American flag. King George's colonists had not foresworn their allegiance. But like men having a grievance they raised a new banner. Had the British leaders in America and at home used reasonable judgment the Revolution even then could have been avoided. Fresh aggressions were to rouse the spirit of rebellion and strengthen the colonists' hearts for the struggle to come.

The new banner, commonly known as the Grand Union Flag, had the approval of Washington and was soon flying throughout the colonies. There is evidence to show that the combination of red and white stripes was no new thing. About the beginning of the eighteenth century the East India Company carried a similar ensign on its ships. The number of stripes seems to have varied, nine or ten being the most frequent number.



One such flag had a St. George cross in the corner upon a white ground, with thirteen stripes. This leaves little doubt that the Grand Union Flag was suggested by the banner of the English pioneer merchant enterprise. But the thirteen stripes of the Grand Union Flag certainly were chosen as emblematic of the American colonies.

The new flag waved in triumph March 17, 1776, when the British evacuated Boston and Gens. Ward and Putnam led two divisions of Continental troops into the city. The Bostonians got their first glimpse of the banner at the head of the marching columns.

The troubles with the mother country were becoming acute, and the spirit of the colonies was rapidly shaping toward an open breach.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia July 4. The thirteen stripes had a new significance. The stars of Old Glory were yet to come.